



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

13484

40.10

WIDENER



HN L1G6 +



13484.40.10

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
OF NEW YORK

∴  
1918

THE BRITISH THEATRE  
AND AMERICAN ACTING DRAMA.

D. 1.

Pr. 12½ Cts.



HAMLET:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

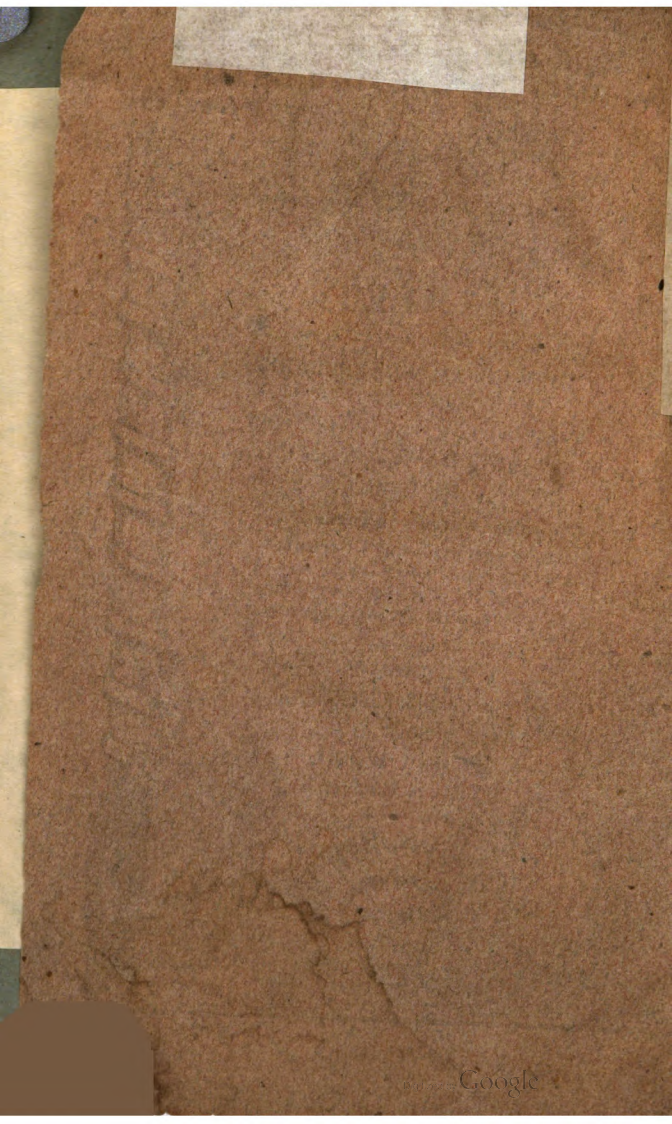
PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY  
*With Remarks Biographical and Critical,*  
By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
A DESCRIPTION of the CUSTUME, Cast of  
the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,  
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage,  
and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS.

PHILADELPHIA:  
R. HARRIS, PUBLISHER,  
SOLD BY  
JOHN WOOD,  
No. 12 S. SEVENTH ST.







# H A M L E T :

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

---

PHILADELPHIA :

SOLD BY JOHN WOOD, No. 12 S. SEVENTH ST.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON.

1844.

13484.40.10

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1818

## REMARKS.

It is with no presumptuous step that we approach this, the most sublime of *all* tragedies—*Hamlet*. On the threshold, we may fancy a voice exclaiming—

“Hence, avaunt! 'tis *holy ground*!”

But surely a production that charmed us in our youthful days—that gave a tone and colour to our thoughts which time and reflection have only strengthened and confirmed—that presented to our imagination the wonders of the supernatural world—that taught us the vanity and instability of human life—and opened to us sublimer views of the soul's immortality—such a production it may be no presumption to examine. Palpable beauties are visible to every mind: there may be others of a more recondite nature, that have escaped even the most acute and devoted among the admirers of Shakspeare.

The plan of this tragedy has been traced by *Theobald* (who, if he cannot be classed among the learned and ingenious, may certainly rank with the most indefatigable and industrious of Shakspeare's commentators) from the *Danish History by Saxo-Grammaticus*. From this source has Shakspeare borrowed the leading incidents of his drama; his own mighty genius supplied him with the nobler parts of imagery, sentiment, and language. It also bears some resemblance to the *Electra* of Sophocles: Gertrude and Clytemnestra are both queens; they had imbrued their hands in the blood of their husbands. The latter may, indeed, plead some excuse, from the provocations she had received; the former, none. Clytemnestra acknowledged the fact, and gloried in it—declaring that it was the arm of justice, not her own, that smote the guilty Agamemnon.

Of all Shakspeare's compositions, *Hamlet*, from its first appearance down to the present time, has been the most *universally* popular. In scenic attraction it may possibly yield to *Richard the Third*, but in the closet it is infinitely superior. *Gabriel Harvey*, in his note on *Speght's* Edition of Chaucer, 1598, says, “*The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis: but his Lucrece, and his Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have it in them to please the wiser sort.*” And Anthony Scoloker, in a dedication to his poem, entitled “*Daiphantus*,” printed in the year 1604, has this remark—that his “*Epistle*” should be “*like friendly Shakspeare's tragedies, where the comedian*



*rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe : faith, it should please all, like Prince Hamlet."*

That the grandeur and beauty of the sentiments should please the *wiser sort*, is not to be wondered at; nor could the young fail to be interested with a tale so awful and mysterious. The appearance of the ghost is so artfully contrived, and the illusion is kept up with such consummate skill, that we are obliged, for a time, to suspend our judgment and knowledge, and to deceive our understandings, and grant that to be substantial and true, which we affirm to be entirely supernatural and impossible. †

The leading feature in the character of Hamlet is *melancholy*, arising from a mind too exquisitely wrought, too deeply contemplative—tremblingly alive to the finest impulses of our nature—viewing the past with fond regret, and the future with doubt and apprehension. A mind thus singularly constituted, events of the most painful excitement have harassed and disturbed. The mysterious death of a beloved father—the unseemly marriage of a mother in one "little month"—his filial duty and respect for the dead—his contempt and indignation for the living,—all give a deeper colour to his constitutional sadness, and produce those feelings which, if they be not *madness* itself, are nearly allied to it. And to this, Hamlet clearly alludes when he resolves to let the play be the test of his uncle's guilt :

" The spirit, that I have seen,  
May be a devil, and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my *weakness* and my *melancholy*,  
As he is very potent with *such spirits*,  
Abuses me to damn me."

It has been remarked that his character is inconsistent ; but the irresolution and delay that impede his progress to revenge, are the vacillations of a mind that meditates before it acts. Hamlet might have revenged his father's murder *immediately* after the first appearance of the ghost ; but, apprehensive that his *peculiar cast* of mind might be over excited by domestic misfortunes, he would fain doubt the evidence of his senses. He therefore resolves to have further proof ; and it is not until *after* the representation of the *play*, when his uncle's guilt becomes fully apparent, that he would have been *justified* in taking that vengeance, which, though delayed, was never absent from his thoughts. That it was not carried into immediate execution *after this discovery*, must be attributed to that want of volition, which, an able critic\*

\* Dr. Drake.

remarks, Shakspeare has founded on one of those peculiar constitutions of the mental and moral faculties which have been designated by the appellation of *Genius*.

Of this defect in his character, Hamlet is painfully sensible, for he continually reproaches himself with weakness and irresolution:—

“How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my *dull revenge*.”

“Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of *thinking too precisely* on th' event,  
I do not know  
Why yet I live to say *this thing's to do*.”

And, in his soliloquy after his first interview with the players, he contrasts his *own cause* for grief, with the *assumed* passion of the actor, and bitterly exclaims:—

“What would he do,  
Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,  
That *I* have?—  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter, or, *ere this*,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal!”

Anguish of mind had produced in Hamlet a desire to die. But the dread of offending the author of his being, by acting contrary to the end and design for which he had been created, restrains him from ending a life he was so anxious to lose. The *pale cast of thought* makes him reason with himself, as to the *nature* and consequences of death; and, though he is aware that the miseries of *this life* find an end in the grave, the prospect of *futurity*, however obscured by clouds and darkness, still forbids him to run the hazard of flying from *lesser* to *greater* evils. Perplexed and harassed by mental suffering, it is not strange that *such an idea* should have entered his thoughts—it is a weakness incidental to humanity. The lady Constance, in her extremity of grief, thus passionately apostrophizes this last refuge of the miserable:—

“Oh! amiable, lovely *Death*!  
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to *Prosperity*,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones—  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou *smil'st*,  
————— Misery's love,  
Come to me!”

Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which this drama

opens. It is the perfection of the dramatic art, to work upon the passions by degrees; and *here* it is done most effectually. The *incredulity* of Horatio, touching the appearance of the ghost, strongly aids the illusion. The questions and replies that pass, as to the precise time the apparition remained with them, and Hamlet's subsequent inquiries—

“ Arm'd, say you ?  
From top to toe ?  
Then saw you not  
His face ? ” &c. &c.

are strokes of nature, that impress upon our minds the dreadful conviction that the relation of Marcellus and Bernardo, however wonderful, is nevertheless strictly true.

Hamlet's address to the spirit is unrivalled for grandeur of thought and comprehensiveness of diction. After the first emotions of terror and amazement have subsided, he ventures to address it more familiarly :—

“ I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, *Father*.”

The whole of this speech makes the apparition truly supernatural and terrible. An expression admirably characteristic of its *dignity* had escaped from Marcellus in the first scene :—

“ We do it wrong, being so *majestical*,  
To offer it the show of violence.”

It was Hamlet's intention to throw the king and queen off their guard, from prying too deeply into his designs: he therefore judiciously begins his *first* scene of madness with Ophelia, that it may be naturally inferred that love for her beauty had caused this aberration of mind. And in what choice terms is this apparent madness described !—

“ He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it.

That done, he lets me go  
He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;  
For out of doors he went without their helps,  
And, to the last, *bended their light on me*.”

We may here remark the difference between *assumed* and *real* madness. In *Hamlet* and in *Edgar*, it is rude, overstrained, and violent; in *Ophelia* and in *Lear*, it is simple, touching, and sublime.

Shakspeare has been accused of making Hamlet utter a contradiction in the following lines:—

“ But that the dread of something after death,—  
That undiscovered country from whose bourn  
*No traveller returns*,—puzzles the will—”

when he had just received evidence to *the contrary*, by a supernatural visitation from the invisible world. Hamlet has been reasoning with himself, whether it is better to fly from the ills of life by an act of self-destruction, or to bear them, rather than encounter greater evils in a future state of existence. He adopts the latter conclusion; for, as *no traveller* (and the *term* is not to be understood in an *incorporeal* sense) ever returned from the grave to repent of sin, it behoved him to pause ere he committed a crime that could never be repented of. The ghost dwells, with particular emphasis, on the additional cruelty of being—

“ Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
No reckoning made, but sent to *my account*,  
With all my imperfections on my head!”

To impute *any other* meaning to this expression of Shakspeare would be to impute *nonsense* to him—and he never wrote *that*—which is more than can be said of many of his commentators:—

“ Were *Shakspeare* now to rise,  
How would the poet stare with wild surprise,  
And rack his brains with many a pond'rous note,  
To find the *meaning out of what he wrote!*”\*

The chamber scene is one impassioned burst of bitter re-monstrance and virtuous indignation. Language sinks beneath the sentiments of affection with which the prince regards his father's memory, and his abhorrence for the guilty usurper of his bed and throne. The parallel between the two pictures is exquisitely beautiful. The ghost is here introduced for the last time; nothing can be finer than Hamlet's sudden transition from extreme rage to reverential awe, when he again beholds the apparition, which still retains its sad expression, its gentle character:—

“ Do not look upon me ;  
Lest, with this *piteous action*, you convert,  
My stern effects : then what I have to do  
Will want true colour ; *tears*, perchance, for blood.”

\* “The Times, or The Prophecy;” a poem.

The scene with the grave-diggers has been considered as beneath the dignity of tragedy ; and that Shakspeare himself was aware of it ; but that, in compliance with the vitiated taste of the age, he introduced this farrago of low buffoonery ! In what respect, on the score of propriety, has Shakspeare offended by the introduction of these clowns ? Their rude mirth, their coarse raillery, their apathy and indifference, form an admirable contrast to the keen sensibility, the solemn grandeur, of Hamlet's character. Their ribald jests draw from him those moral reflections upon the infirmity of our nature ; and, however *indecorous*, to a sickly imagination, the exhibition of mortality's frail remains may appear, the rude manner in which they are *jowled to the ground*, by these unreflecting knaves, inspires, in the pensive mind, thoughts holy and unutterable. Could the *vitiated taste* of the present day produce such another scene, we would fall down and worship it !

This tragedy abounds in moral sentiments, in just and elevated views of *man*, and of *that providence* which sustains, guides, and protects him, from the cradle to the grave. Never has *philosophy* been more nobly employed than in enforcing those great and important truths—the existence of a *supreme*, and the *immortality* of the soul. *Such* was the philosophy of the sages of antiquity, of Plato and of Cicero, and of the no less glorious lights of latter days—of Bacon, of Newton, of Addison, and of Shakspeare. To authorities like these, *what* have we to oppose ? The absurd and contradictory doctrines of the Atheists, who have been the reproach of other countries and our own : for it would be difficult to point out to the indignation and scorn of mankind, a race more hateful for their profligacy, or more contemptible for their ignorance, than this modern school of infidels. We have observed them in their commerce with the world, in their health and prosperity :—we have visited them in their chambers of sickness and of death ;—and, if we have found them, in the *former state*, heartless and selfish ; dissatisfied with themselves, and suspicious of each other ; we have invariably beheld their last moments, dark and cheerless—disturbed by doubt and aggravated by despair :—

“ Men may live fools—but fools they cannot die.”

The grand charge that the critics have brought against Shakspeare, the violation of the unities, will hardly apply to this tragedy. We may, however, notice an *anachronism*—Hamlet mentions the *University of Wittenberg*, long before its establishment.

The Catholic doctrine of *Purgatory* has been turned to

admirable account, in the first address of the spirit. And of the ancient superstition, which represents night as unhal-  
lowed and profane, Shakspeare availed himself in the fol-  
lowing lines:—

“’Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
*Contagion* to this world—”

and again, in *Macbeth*:—

“Now o’er one half the globe  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain’d sleep.”

Madness never assumed a more beautiful form than in the character of Ophelia. The pathetic strains that she warbles forth in her distraction, are the fragments of ancient ballads that were highly popular in the days of Shakspeare, and of which the poet himself gives so interesting a character:—

“Mark it, Cesario,—it is *old* and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it: it is silly, sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the *old age*.”

Some of these precious relics have reached us in their entire form; others in a mutilated and imperfect condition; and very many have *as yet* eluded the utmost industry of anti-  
quarian research.

Hamlet’s advice to the players contains the justest rules of the dramatic art. It has been said that Shakspeare gathered them from his “fellows,” *Allen, Taylor, and Burbage*, at those “*wars of wit*” of which *Ben Jonson* (who was present at many of them) speaks so rapturously. Be this as it may, there is nothing *extant*, that treats the subject in a manner so masterly and concise. It is a vulgar error to suppose that *acting* (we speak not of scenery, decoration, and the economy of the stage) was not as well understood in those days as in the present.

*Polonius* is an old courtier, supple, cunning, loquacious, and verging upon his dotage; he is an agreeable relief to the *sombre* parts of this drama.—*Osrick* is a whimsical fop of the olden time, “of very soft society and great showing.” Even in *Hamlet*, there is a considerable vein of pleasantry—a spice of the humourist, which *Shakspeare* did not think inconsistent with—

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form—”

the prince, the scholar, and the philosopher.

We entirely agree with *Mr. Ritson's* stricture on *Dr. Johnson's* note, respecting Hamlet's deliberating whether he shall kill the king while he is *praying*, yet finally resolving to do it—

“When he is *drunk, asleep, or in his rage*;  
At *gaming, swearing, or about some act*  
That has no *relish of salvation in't.*”

So far from detracting from the *virtuous* character of Hamlet, it impresses us with a still higher sense of his filial piety. *His* object is, to have not merely “*blood for blood.*” but the most adequate and complete revenge for the murder of a father under circumstances the most deliberate and diabolical. This objection is one of those examples of *hypercriticism*, from which even the pages of our great moralist are not altogether free.

We are reminded of an anecdote of a certain *Italian*, who, having his enemy in his power, promised him life if he would immediately renounce his Saviour: the timorous wretch, in hope of mercy, did it, when the other forthwith stabbed him to the heart, saying, that *now* he had a full and noble revenge, for he had killed at once both *body and soul*.

That the sterling gold of Shakspeare is occasionally mingled with baser matter, his most ardent admirers have never sought to deny. They have merely stood forth to rescue him from the vain and preposterous attempts of *empirics* in criticism, who, insensible of the beauties of his divine muse, have been emulous only to magnify his defects. They have presumptuously called on him to hold up his hand at a bar, at which *his* genius had no right to plead. Creation's amplest range was too narrow a boundary for the imagination of *Shakspeare*. It was not for *him* to be controlled by arbitrary rules, whom *nature* had made her own.—Let other poets impose upon themselves unnecessary trammels—let them rant in fetters and whine in buckram: the laws of criticism are uncertain and capricious, those of nature immutable and eternal.

Something must be conceded to *the age* in which Shakspeare flourished; and those (and to *none else* do we appeal) who are at all conversant with the literature and manners of that period, will agree with us, that he partakes less of the besetting sin of forced conceit, low quibble, and extravagant bombast, than any of his contemporaries. “A palace must have passages,” *Dr. Johnson* remarks, in his stricture upon



Milton—who, therefore, shall wonder at the inequalities of Shakspeare? He lighted upon the drama, in its rudest and most uncultivated state—"He found not, but created first the stage." And, if he did not reform its abuses altogether, he drew it from the barbarism of past ages, into marvellous light—he found it *brick*, and he left it *marble*!

*Joseph Taylor*, an eminent actor of his day, was the *original* Hamlet. A tradition has been handed down to us, by that worthy old stage historian, *Downes* the prompter, that *Shakspeare* instructed *Taylor* how to play this celebrated character; and that he performed it "*incomparably well*," we learn from *Wright*, in his *Historia Histrionica*. It is further said, that *Sir William D'Avenant*, from his remembrance of *Taylor*, conveyed his instructions to *Mr. Betterton*. *Taylor* was equally celebrated in *Iago*, *True-wit*, *Mosca*, *Paris*, and other leading characters. In the year 1614, he was at the head of a distinct company of comedians, who were distinguished by the name of *The Lady Elizabeth's Servants*; and, after the death of *Burbage*, *Heminge*, and *Condell*, he had the principal management of the *King's Company*, in conjunction with *Lowin* and *Swanston*. In September, 1639, he was appointed *Yeoman of the Revels* in ordinary to King Charles the First.

He lived to witness that dreadful consummation of fanaticism which ended in the murder of his sovereign, the slavery of his country, and the total annihilation of the drama, of which he was so bright an ornament. His old age was oppressed by disappointment and poverty. He died in 1653, or in the following year, and, according to *Wright*, was buried at Richmond: he was probably near *seventy* at the time of his death.

*Betterton's* performance of Hamlet has been so admirably described by *Cibber*, that we shall not impose upon ourselves the task of repetition. Of *Garrick* and *Henderson* in the character, every thing *has* been said that *can* be said. We know those who remember *both* actors, and, after gathering what we can from *tradition*, and making allowance for *conflicting opinions*, we should say that *Garrick* did not quite reach the excellence of *Betterton*, nor *Henderson* that of *Garrick*.

The late *Mr. Kemble's* Hamlet was incomparably fine: nature seemed to have moulded him for the character, in form and in mind. We never beheld him play it, without *Cibber's* eloquent description of *Betterton* recurring to our memory. He *indeed* made the ghost terrible to the spectators: his hollow and tremulous voice, his quivering frame, his rivetted eye, impressed us with the dreadful reality that

he stood in the presence of something more than mortal. His lighter scenes were distinguished by a pleasantry and graceful ease, that no actor could better assume than himself. One of his most applauded parts was his scene with Horatio and Marcellus, when he first determines—

“To put an *antic disposition on*—”

The peculiar meaning that he gave to those very unmeaning words, “*Well, well, we know,*” &c. &c. we have never seen touched by any other actor. He was *himself* a perfect illustration of Hamlet’s advice to the players—he seemed to *feel* the applicability of every sentence, and he gave it with matchless elegance and humour. His scene with *Ophelia*, with the *Recorders*, and the *chamber scene*, could not be surpassed; but, if ever he rose to *unparalleled* sublimity, it was when he pronounced the words “*Alas! poor Yorick.*” At this moment an involuntary tear starts to the memory of the actor, and of *Yorick!* A proof on *India paper (rarissimus!)* of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s magnificent picture—

“Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man”—

is the silent companion of our melancholy hours.

We were present, many years ago, at Mr. Young’s *first* appearance at the Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of Hamlet. We admired his performance *then*, and we more than admire it *now*. In the philosophic prince, he is the only legitimate successor of Kemble. We may almost imagine the shade of the departed Hamlet thus addressing him:—

“You are the most immediate to our throne,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.”

Mr. Kean’s performance has many beauties: but they are the beauties of the actor, not of *Hamlet*.

It has been the fashion to underrate *Shakspeare’s* abilities as an actor, because the *ghost* was his *top* character. When *Barton Booth* took upon himself this immaterial form, he did not hold it so cheap. To represent this character truly, requires no common powers:—*we* have never seen it justly played, not even by Mr. Pope, who, of all actors, came nearest to our conception. We remember *Cooke* attempting the ghost to Kemble’s Hamlet. But this highly-gifted and imprudent man, having been dining with *Cassio*, or some such reveller, and having taken in an enemy at his mouth, to steal away his senses—

“The potent poison quite o’ercame *his spirit!*”

he reeled, hiccuped, and gave up the ghost!

“So may he rest—*his faults* lie gently on him!”

Let *those* who inherit a portion of his *genius*, profit by his *errors*.

We cannot speak too highly of Munden’s Polonius—it was richly comic, without farce or buffoonery. Whenever Munden got hold of a *fortunate word*—a word that suited the peculiar amplitude of *his mouth*—he turned it round, and round, until he had fairly made the most of it, and then discharged it in a manner that was sure to set his audience in a roar—

“He said I was a *fish-mon-ger!*”

The only *perfect* Ophelia that we ever beheld is Miss Stephens.

✂ D——G.

B

## Costume.

---

**KING.**—Black velvet shirt, and arm-hole cloak, richly trimmed with gold and white fur, with spots; white silk hose, black shoes, and roses; black velvet hat, with a coronet round it, and white feathers.

**HAMLET.**—Black velvet doublet, with square neck, black velvet trunks and circular robe, lined with purple satin, and broad bugle trimming, with large gold cord and tassels; black silk hose, shoes, and roses; black coronet cap, with black feathers.

**POLONIUS.**—Crimson doublet, trunks, and arm-hole cloak, richly trimmed with gold, lined and puffed with white satin; white silk hose, white shoes, crimson roses; point-lace collar.

**LAERTES.**—Puce Brown velvet jacket and strap trunks; blue satin vest and sash, richly trimmed with silver; white silk hose, white shoes and blue roses; black hat, white feathers. Second dress of the same make, but all black.

**HORATIO.**—Crimson jacket and trunks, trimmed with dead gold lace: green satin puffs; crimson cloak, lined with green; crimson hose, russet boots; black hat, white feathers.

**ROSENCRANTZ.**—Green velvet jacket, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with gold; scarlet silk puffs, trimmed with gold; white silk hose, shoes, and roses; black hat, and white feathers.

**GULDENSTERN.**—Light brown dress, white satin puffs; the same fashion as Rosencrantz.

**OSRICK.**—Green jacket and trunks, with a fly-jacket to match, richly trimmed with silver; pink satin puffs and sash; white silk hose, shoes, and roses; pink and green cap, with large white feathers.

**MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, and FRANCISCO.**—Crimson doublets, trunks, and cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, green silk puffs; crimson hose and russet boots; black hats, and white feathers.

**FRIAR.**—Gray gown, cross, and beads.

**FIRST ACTOR.**—Fawn-coloured silk trunks, jacket, and cloak; gray puffs and hose, russet boots. Second dress—Black jacket and trunks; crimson arm-hole cloak, richly spangled; shoes and roses.

**SECOND ACTOR.**—Plum-drab-coloured silk shape dress. Second dress—Black shape dress, and large black gown.

**FIRST GRAVE-DIGGER.**—Plum-drab breeches and doublet, and five waistcoats; large brown cloak, leather belt, blue stockings, and russet shoes; large black hat, and striped night-cap.

**SECOND GRAVE-DIGGER.**—Drab stuff doublet and trunks, leather belt, brown stockings and russet shoes.:

**GHOST.**—Suit of steel armour, with helmet; scarlet sash.

**QUEEN.**—White satin dress, and crimson velvet robe, richly trimmed with gold and fur, with large gold tassels, and a small coronet.

**OPHELIA.**—White satin dress trimmed with point-lace and silver. Second dress—White muslin, with straw and wild flowers.

**ACTRESS.**—Plain buff and white travelling dress.—Second dress—White spangled dress, with scarlet robe.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.            RC.            C.            LC.            L.

\* \* \* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage-facing the Audience.*

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRES.

	ARCH STREET.	WALNUT STREET.
<i>Hamlet,</i>	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Forrest.
<i>Laertes,</i>	" Conner.	" Wheatley.
<i>Orrick,</i>	" G. Barrett.	" Richings.
<i>First Grave-Digger,</i>	" Burton.	" Chapman.
<i>Second Grave-Digger,</i>	" Burke.	" Radcliffe.
<i>Ghost,</i>	" Ryder.	" J. Wallack.
<i>Claudius, King of Denmark,</i>	" Altemus.	" Leman.
<i>Polonius,</i>	" Faulkner.	" Blake.
<i>Horatio,</i>	" N. Johnson.	" Fredericks.
<i>Rosencrantz,</i>	" Russell.	" Hackurt.
<i>Guidenatern,</i>	" Johnson.	" Eherle.
<i>Marcellus,</i>	" Bowers.	" Linden.
<i>Bernardo,</i>	" Wright.	" Reed.
<i>Francisco,</i>	" Hickman.	" Browne.
<i>Friar,</i>	" Walters.	
<i>Sailors,</i>	Messrs. Hall and Smith.	
<i>First Actor,</i>	Mr. Tuthill.	" Young.
<i>Second Actor,</i>	" Jervis.	" Richardson.
<i>Lords,</i>	Messrs. G. Smith, Parker, A. and J. Hawke.	
<i>Gertrude,</i>	Miss Cushman.	Mrs. J. Wallack, Jr.
<i>Ophelia,</i>	Mrs. Burke.	Miss S. Cushman.
<i>First Actress,</i>	Mrs. Altemus.	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Second and Third Actresses,</i>	Mds. Capell and Ferrers.	
<i>Ladies,</i>	Mrs. Jamison, Miss Moore, and the Corps de Ballet.	

# HAMLET.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore.*—*A Platform near the Palace.*—*Night.*—FRANCISCO at his post, R.

*Enter* BERNARDO, L.

*Ber.* (L.) Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me :—stand, and unfold yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* (L. c.) 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,  
Francisco.

*Fran.* (R. c.) For this relief, much thanks;—'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* (L. c.) Not a mouse stirring

*Ber.* (R.) Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Fran.* I think I hear them. Stand, ho! (L.) Who is there?

*Enter* HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.

*Hor.* (L.) Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* (L.) And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O farewell, honest soldier!

Who hath relieved you?

*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

*Mar.* Holloa! Bernardo!

[*Exit* L.



*Ber.* Say,  
What, is Horatio there?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

[*Giving his hand.*]

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* (L. c.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy!  
And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* (R. c.) Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Come, let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* (c.) Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one—

*Mar.* (c.) Peace! break thee off: look where it  
comes again!

*Enter GHOST, L.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Hor.* (R. c.) Most like;—it harrows me with fear  
and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By Heaven, I charge thee,  
speak! [GHOST crosses to R.]

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay; speak; speak, I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit GHOST, R.*]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How, now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale;  
Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you of it?

*Hor.* (R.) I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* (C.) Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:  
Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and just at this dead  
hour,  
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know  
not;  
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Re-enter GHOST, L.*

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me. [GHOST crosses to R.  
Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me! [GHOST stops at R.

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak to me. (L. C.)

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, fore-knowing may avoid—  
Oh, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
Speak of it!—[Exit GHOST, R.]—stay, and speak!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* (R.) And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,  
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:

Break we our watch up; [*Crosses to L.*] and, by my  
advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace.—Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter* POLONIUS, the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, Ladies, and  
*Attendants, L., LAERTES, R., and stand thus:*

R. LAERTES. POLON. KING. QUEEN. HAM. L.

*King.* (c.) Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's  
death,

The memory be green; and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister now our queen,  
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.—  
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,  
Your leave and favour to return to France;  
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation;  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What says  
Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord;  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.  
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

*Ham.* A little more than kin and less than kind.

[*Aside.*]

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

*Ham.* Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not  
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother.

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem ;

For they are actions that a man might play ;

But I have that within which passeth show ;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :

But, you must know, your father lost a father ;

That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term,

To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father ; for let the world take note

You are the most immediate to our throne,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Ham-  
let ;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt in the following order, viz. 1st, POLONIUS, with a White Rod, formally leading the way; 2d, The KING and QUEEN; 3d, LAERTES; 4th, Male and female Attendants.*

*Ham.* [*Standing alone, L.*] O, that this too, too solid  
flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! God! O God  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O fie! (c.) 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead!—nay, not so much,—not two—  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on—and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
A little month: or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she followed my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;—  
She married with my uncle,  
My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules.  
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;—  
But break, my heart: (L.) for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO, R.*

*Hor.* (R.) Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:

Horatio—or I do forget myself?

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* (R.) Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name  
with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—  
Marcellus?

*Mar.* (R.) My good lord—

*Ham.* (c.) I am very glad to see you—Good even  
sir—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* (l. c.) A truant disposition, good, my lord.

[MARCELLUS and BERNARDO stand a.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked  
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

My father—methinks I see my father

*Hor.* Where,

My lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio?

*Hor.* I saw him once,—he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again. (l. c.)

*Hor.* (r. c.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* (l.) Saw! who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king, your father.

*Ham.* The king, my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for awhile

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

*Ham.* (c.) For heaven's love, let me hear!

*Hor.* (c.) Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd:—a figure like your father,

Armed at point, exactly cap-à-pee,

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes.

*Ham.* [To BER. and MAR. R.] But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* (c.) My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;—  
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange!

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* (R. c.) Indeed, indeed, sirs: but this troubles  
me.—

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there!

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like,

Very like:—stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one, with moderate haste,  
Might tell a hundred.

*Mar.* Longer, longer.



*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled?—no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;  
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant 'twill.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. [*Crosses to L.*] I pray you  
all, [*Returns to R.*]

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves: so, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*Hor.* (R.) Our duty to your honour.

*Ham.* (R.) Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt HOR., BER., and MAR., R.*]

My father's spirit! (C.)—in arms!—all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!  
Till then, sit still, my soul: (L.) foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, R.*

*Laer.* (R.) My necessaries are embark'd: farewell;  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
Pray, let me hear from you.

*Oph.* (R.) Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state;  
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs;  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire;

C

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

*Oph.* (R. c.) I shall the effect of this good lesson keep  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede.

*Laer.* (c.) O fear me not.

I stay too long:—But here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS, L.

*Pol.* (L. c.) Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for  
shame;  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are staid for.

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.  
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well  
What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell.

[*Exit*, L.]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord  
Hamlet.

*Pol.* (c.) Marry, well bethought;  
'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:  
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.  
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

*Oph.* (c.) He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;  
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;  
Or you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love,  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my  
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of Heaven.

*Pol.* Aye, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows.

This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; [*Crosses to R.*] come your  
ways.

*Oph.* (R.) I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt, R.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS, R. U. R.*

*Ham.* (R.) The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. (C.)

*Hor.* (R.) It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* (C.) I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* (R. C.) No, it is struck.

*Hor.* I heard it not; it then draws near the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance  
shot off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* (L.) The king doth wake to-night, and takes  
his rouse;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

*Enter GHOST, L.*

*Hor.* (R.) Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* (R. C.) [*HOR.* stands about two yards from the back of *HAM.*; *MAR.* about the same distance from *MAR.* up the stage.] Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

[*GHOST* stops L. C.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee! I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father!—Royal Dane; O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell!  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous: and us fools of nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? ..

[*GHOST* beckons.

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground:  
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* [*Taking HAMLET's arm.*] Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?—  
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
And draw you into madness?

*Ham.* (C.) It waves me still;  
Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Breaks away and crosses to L. C.*

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

[*Both hold him again.*]

*Ham.* (c.) Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* (c.) Be ruled;—you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [*GHOST beckons.*]

Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

[*Breaks away from them.*]

I say away:—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET, L.—HORATIO and MARCELLUS slowly follow.*]

SCENE V.—*A remote part of the Platform.*

*Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET, from L. U. E. to L. C.*

*Ham.* (c.) Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,  
I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* (L. c.) Mark me.

*Ham.* (R. c.) I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd, for a certain term, to walk the night;  
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood :—List, list, O list!—  
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love—

*Ham.* O Heaven!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt.—

Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul : my uncle ?

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
Won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage : and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine !—

But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—

Brief let me be :—sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment : whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body ;

So it did mine.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd !

Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

*Ham.* O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

*Ghost.* If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.—  
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me!

[*GHOST vanishes, L. c.*

*Ham.* (R.) Hold, hold, my heart:  
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up!—(C.)—Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven,  
I have sworn it.

*Hor.* [*Within, L.*] My lord, my lord!—

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet!—

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come!

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L. U. E.*

*Mar.* (R. C.) How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* (L. C.) What news, my lord?

*Ham.* (C.) O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good, my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by Heaven!

*Ham.* How say you then; would heart of man once  
think it?

But you'll be secret?

*Hor.* Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-  
mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,  
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are in the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part;  
You, as your business and desires shall point;—  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,  
I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. [*Takes his hand.*] Touching  
this vision here—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'er-master it as you may. [*Part.*] And now, good  
friends, [*Crosses to L.*

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request

*Hor.* What is't, my lord?

We will.

*Ham.* (c.) Never make known what you have seen  
to-night.

*Hor. and Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear it.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen; (r.)  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear!

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
But come:—

Here, [*All three stand r.*] as before, never, so help you  
mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake.



Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if  
we would;" or, "If we list to speak;" or, "There be,  
an if they might;"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you know aught of me:—this do ye swear,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear!

*Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed spirit! [*All at c.*]—So,  
gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you:  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

[*Takes a hand of each.*

May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

[*Cross to L.*

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!  
That ever I was born to set it right!

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

*Enter* POLONIUS, L. *and* OPHELIA, R.

*Pol.* (L.) How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

*Oph.* (R.) O, my lord, my lord, I have been so af-  
frighted!

*Pol.* With what, in the name of Heaven?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced,  
No hat upon his head,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other  
He comes before me.

*Pol.* (c.) Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* (c.) My lord, I do not know ;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he ?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,  
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;  
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;  
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes :  
For out of doors he went without their helps,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.  
This is the very ecstasy of love.

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

*Oph.* No, my good lord ; but, as you did command  
I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
Come, go we to the king :  
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might  
move  
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt, L.*

## SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, L.  
FRANCISCO and BERNARDO, R.*

*King.* (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilden-  
stern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you.  
The need, we have to use you, did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation :  
What it should be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
So much from the understanding of himself,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
Some little time; so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* (c.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of  
you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
So to expend your time with us a while,  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* (L.) Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* (L.) But we both obey;  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service freely at your feet.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* I do beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, FRANCIS-  
CO, and BERNARDO, R.]

*Enter* POLONIUS, L.

*Pol.* (L. c.) I now do think (or else this brain of  
mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do), that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy:

*King.* (c.) O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

*Pol.* My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—  
I will be brief; your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

*Queen.* (R. c.) More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.  
 That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;  
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;  
 But farewell it; for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,  
 That we find out the cause of this effect;  
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect:  
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Porpend—  
 I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
 Who, in her duty, and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this: [*Shows a paper*] now gather, and  
 surmise.

[*Reads.*]—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol,  
 the most beautified Ophelia,"—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile  
 phrase; but you shall hear;

[*Reads.*]—"In her excellent white bosom, these,"  
 &c.

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful;

[*Reads.*]—"Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
 Doubt, that the sun doth move;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar;  
 But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no  
 art to reckon my groans; but, that I love thee best, O  
 most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
 this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;  
 And more, above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
 Received his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you  
 think,  
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
 (As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  
 Before my daughter told me), what might you,  
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk, or table book ;  
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;  
 What might you think ? No, I went round to work,  
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak—  
 Lord Hamlet is a prince ; out of thy sphere ;  
 This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens ;  
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;  
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make),  
 Fell into a sadness ;  
 Thence into a weakness ;  
 Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,  
 Into madness wherein now he raves,  
 And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think, 'tis this ?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that),

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,  
 When it proved otherwise ?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulders*

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further ?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks for hours together

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :

Mark the encounter : if he loves her not,  
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,  
 Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm, and carters.

[*Crosses to L.*

*King.* (R.) We will try it.

*Queen.* (R.) But, look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading !

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both ; away !  
 I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt KING and QUEEN, R. S. E.*

D

*Enter HAMLET, M. D. reading.*

(R. C.) How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* (L. C.) Excellent well.

*Pol.* (C.) Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* (R. C.) Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir! to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look to't.

*[Turns to the R. and reads.]*

*Pol.* (C.) Still harping on my daughter!—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—*[Aside.]*—What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* (R.) Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord?

*Ham.* (C.) Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. *[Aside.]* Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* (R.) Into my grave!

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. (C.) *[Aside.]* My honourable lord (R. C.) I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools! [*Aside.*]

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? there he is.

*Ros.* (L.) Heaven save you, sir!

[*Exit POLONIUS, L.*]

*Guil.* (L.) My honour'd lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? [*Crosses to c.*] Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

*Ros.* (L. c.) None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore.

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks! but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* (R. c.) What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you? [*Aside to GUILDENSTERN.*]

*Ham.* Nay, then, I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*] If you love me hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily

with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, —why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*Ros.* (R.) My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* (L.) Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man; what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we met them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the King, shall be welcome; (c.) his Majesty shall have tributs of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in—the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* (R.) How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [Flourish of Trumpets, L.

*Guil.* (L.) There are the players.

*Ham.* (c.) Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands; you are welcome:—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.



*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw.

[Crosses to R.

*Pol.* [Within, L.] Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* (R.) Hark you, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz—that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* (R.) Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* (C.) I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed—

*Enter POLONIUS, L.*

*Pol.* (C.) My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honour—

*Ham.* "Then came each actor on his ass"—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* "O Jephthah, Judge of Israel"—what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—"One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well."

*Pol.* (C.) Still on my daughter. [Aside.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* (R. C.) If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, "As by lot, God wot"—and then, you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was"—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[Goes to the Actors L.—POL. GUIL. and ROSEN.  
stand R.

*Enter two ACTORS and an ACTRESS, L.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: Com'at thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! B-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. You are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight:—Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

*[The 2d ACTOR and ACTRESS retire up the stage, near L. U. E.]*

1 Act. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once—but it was never acted: or, if it was, not above'once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—

'Tis not so: it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus—he, whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,  
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

Pol. (c.) 'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. (L. c.) So;—proceed you.

1 Act. "Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls.

But as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
Aroused vengeance sets him new awork,

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars' armour, forged for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!"

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—

Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Act.* "But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen"—

*Ham.* The mobled queen!

*Pol.* That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1 *Act.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames;

A clout upon that head,

Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,

A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced?"

*Pol.* [*Pointing to HAM.*] Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well us'd: for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* (L.) Come, sirs.

[*To Actors.*]

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Old friend.—

[*To 1st Actor.*]

My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUILD.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUILD. &c.*]

Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen,

lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt POLONIUS and Actors, L.*]

Now I am alone. (c.)

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul into his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, villain!  
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;  
That I, the son of a dead father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drab,  
 A scullion!  
 Fie upon't ! foh ! About my brains ! Humph ! I have  
 heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father,  
 Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;  
 I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
 Abuses me, to damn me : I'll have grounds  
 More relative than this : The play's the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit, R.]

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.—Theatre in Background.*

*Enter* POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, and OPHELIA, L. ROSEN-  
 CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.

*King.* (c.) And can you by no drift of conference  
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ?

*Ros.* (R. c.) He does confess he feels himself dis-  
 tracted ;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* (c.) Did you assay him  
To any pastime ?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it : they are about the court ;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true :  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart ; and it doth much content  
me  
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.*

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia :  
Her father and myself (lawful espials,)  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* (R.) I shall obey you :—  
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again.  
To both your honours.

*Oph.* (L.) Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN, R.*

*Pol.* (L. c.) Ophelia, walk you here :  
Read on this book ;  
That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness.

OPHELIA goes up the stage, and retires at R. U. E.  
I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS, R. S. E.*

*Enter HAMLET, L.*

*Ham.* (L.) To be, or not to be, that is the question.  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them? (C.)—to die,—to sleep,—  
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die?—to sleep?—  
 To sleep!—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause; there's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life:  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

[OPHELIA *re-enters at R. U. E.*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

[*Seeing OPHELIA, who advances, R.*

The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remember'd!

*Oph.* (R.) Good my lord,  
 How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you: well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed,  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord!

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery! Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us; go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

[*Runs off, L.*]

*Oph.* (r.) O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* [*Running back to her.*] If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.



Get thee to a nunnery! Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go!

[*Hastens off, l.*]

*Oph.* (R.) Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* [*Returns.*] I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of 't; it hath made me mad. [*Crosses to l.*] I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go!

[*Exit, R.*]

*Oph.* (C.) O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.  
O woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[*Exit, R.*]

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS, R. S. E.*

*King.* (R.) Love! his affections do not that way tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. (C.) There's something in his  
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.  
He shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute;  
Happily, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brain's still beating puts him thus  
From fashion of himself:—What think you on't?

*Pol.* (C.) It shall do well: but yet do I believe,  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love.

My Lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

E

To show his grief; let her be round with him;  
 And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear  
 Of all their conference; if she finds him not,  
 To England send him; or confine him, where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* (L.) It shall be so;  
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

*Enter the FIRST ACTOR and HAMLET, R.*

*Ham.* (R.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings! who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Ter-magant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

*1 Act.* (R.) I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Act.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* (c.) O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

Horatio!

[*Exit* 1 ACTOR, L.]

*Enter* HORATIO, R.

*Hor.* (R.) Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord.—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be  
flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please: give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
I my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a play to-night before the king;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,  
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.  
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,  
E'en with the very commend of thy soul  
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note:  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord.

[*Exit. R. U. E.*]

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be idle.  
Get you a place. [*Goes and stands R.—Music.*]

*Enter* POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTEEN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRAN-  
CISCO, *Lords and Ladies*, L. S. E.

*King.* [*Seated.*] How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* (R. C.) Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's  
dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed  
capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these  
words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. My lord, you play'd once  
in the university, you say. [*To POLONIUS.*]

*Pol.* (C.) That did I, my lord; and was accounted  
a good actor.

*Ham.* (C.) And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the  
Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a  
calf there. Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* Oh ho! do you mark that? [*Aside to the King.*]

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.*]

*Oph.* [*Seated R.*] You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* O! your only jig-maker. What should a man  
do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my  
mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

[*POLONIUS goes and stands at the back of the  
State-chairs, L.; HORATIO stands R.*]

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black,  
for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago,  
and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great  
man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but,  
by'r-lady, he must build churches then.

*Oph.* What means the play, my lord?

*Ham.* Miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* But what is the argument of the play?

*Enter second ACTOR as the Prologue, on a raised stage, L.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow.

[HAMLET lies at the feet of OPHELIA, and amuses himself with her fan.

2 *Act.* "For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently." [Exit, R.

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter first ACTOR and the ACTRESS, L., as a Duke and a Duchess, on the raised stage.*

1 *Act.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*Actress.* "So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done?

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;  
For women fear too much, even as they love.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,  
Where little fear grows great, great love grows there.

1 *Actor.* "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd.—and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*Actress.* "O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first."

*Ham.* That's wormwood.

[*Aside.*

1 Actor. "I do believe, you think what now you speak;  
But what we do determine, oft we break.  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Actress. "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,  
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night,  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a widow, ever I be wife!" [Embraces him.]

1 Actor. "'Tis deeply sworn,"

Ham. If she should break it now—

1 Actor. "Sweet, leave me here a while;  
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep.

[Crosses to the seat—he sleeps.]

Actress. "Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain."

[Exit, L.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? Your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade wince,—our withers are unwrung.

Enter third Actor, as LUCIANUS, L.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppet's dallying. Begin, murderer—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

3 Actor. "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;  
Confederate season, else no creature seeing!

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecates ban thrice blasted—thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately."

*[Pours the poison into his ear, and exit, L.]*

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.  
His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written  
in very choice Italian; you shall see anon, how the  
murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. *[Jumps up.]*

*King.* Give me some light!—away!

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights!

*[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO, severally.]*

*Ham.* (c.) "Why let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away."—

O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* (L. c.) Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.  
*[Exit HORATIO, R.]*

*Enter GUILDENSTERN and ROSENCRANTZ, L.*

*Guil.* (L.) Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir—

*Ham.* Ay, sir,—what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer,  
to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to  
his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more  
choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some  
frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction  
of spirit, has sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the  
right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome  
answer, I will do your mother's commandment:

if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* (L. C.) What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

*Ros.* (L.) Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; but, *while the grass grows*—The proverb is something musty. [Crosses to R.

*Enter HORATIO, and two Musicians, R. with Recorders.*

*Ham.* O! the recorders—let me see one. [Takes one. To, withdraw with you. [GUIL. crosses behind to R.

[Exeunt HORATIO and Musicians, R.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* (L.) My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* (L.) I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Ros.* I know no touch of it, my lord.



*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[*Crosses to R.*

*Enter POLONIUS, R.*

*Pol.* (R. C.) My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* [*Leaning on the shoulder of POL.*] Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by-and-bye.— They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by-and-bye.

*Pol.* I will say so.

*Ham.* (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [*Exit POLONIUS, R.*] Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such business as the bitter day  
Would quake to look on. Soft—now to my mother.  
O! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel—not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN, L.*

*King.* (c.) I like him not; nor stands it safe with us  
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.*

*Enter POLONIUS, R.*

*Pol.* (R.) My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exeunt KING, R. POLONIUS, L.*

SCENE III.—*The Queen's Closet.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS, L.*

*Pot.* (L.) He will come straight. Look you lay home  
to him:  
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.  
Pray you be round with him.

*Queen.* (c.) I'll warrant you—  
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS conceals himself behind the arras, L. S. E.*

*Enter HAMLET, R. D.*

*Ham.* (R.) Now, mother; what's the matter?

*Queen.* (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* (R. c.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue

*Queen.* (c.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat?

[*Draws.*

Dead, for a ducat dead.

[*HAMLET draws, and makes a pass through the arras.*

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*POLONIUS falls and dies, L.*

*Queen.* (R. c.) Oh, me! what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not—

Is it the king?

*Queen.* Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king?

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Takes a candle, lifts up the arras and sees*  
*POLONIUS.*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better.

[*To the QUEEN.*

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace—sit you down,  
And let me wring your heart; [*He gets chairs*] for so  
I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

[*Both sit, c.*

*Queen.* (R. of HAM.) What have I done, that thou  
dar'st wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows  
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a deed,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words—  
Ah me! that act!

*Queen.* Ah me! what act?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on this brow—  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:—  
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:  
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?  
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment  
Would step from this to this?  
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed—

*Queen.* No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket——

*Enter GHOST, R.*

A king of shreds and patches:— [They rise.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! what would your gracious figure?

[HAMLET looks at the GHOST—the QUEEN looks  
a contrary way.

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
Oh, say!

*Ghost.* (R.) Do not forget—this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul.  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas! how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?  
Oh, gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he  
glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable. [To GHOST.] Do not look  
upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects; then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there? [Pointing R.

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

[GHOST crosses to L.  
*Ham.* Why, look you there! look how it steals  
away!

F

My father, in his habit as he lived!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit GHOST, L.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past;—avoid what is to come.

*Queen.* Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft mine heart  
in twain.

*Ham. (C.)* Oh! throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
Once more, good night!  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,  
I do repent;  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—

[*Exit QUEEN, R.*]

I must be cruel, only to be kind;  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. [*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter KING and QUEEN L.*

*King.* (L. c.) There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,  
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.  
How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* (c.) Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier.—In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, "*A rat! a rat!*"  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* Oh, heavy deed!  
It had been so with us had we been there.  
Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he has kill'd.

*King.* The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.  
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.*

Come, (R.) Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter HAMLET, L.*

*Ham.* (L. c.) —Safely stow'd—

*Ros.* (*Within, R.*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.*

*Ros.* (R.) What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* (C.) Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, and bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king.

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end. He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed:—when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it:—a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* (R.) Bring me to him. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING, L. attended.*

*King,* (L. C.) How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him;  
He's loved of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;  
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R.*

How now? what hath befallen!

*Ros.* (R.) Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.



*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure. ...

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter GUILDENSTERN and HAMLET, R.*

*King.* (c.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper? where?

*Ham.* (R. c.) Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go, seek him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*[Exit GUILDENSTERN, R.]*

*King.* (L. c.) Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Must send thee hence;

Therefore prepare thyself:—

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

For England.

*Ham.* For England!

*King.* Ay, Hamlet!

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

*[Exit, R.]*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done—

*[Exit ROSENCRANTZ, R.]*

And England, (L.) if my love thou hold'st at aught,

Let it be testified in Hamlet's death.

*[Exit, L.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.**Enter the QUEEN and HORATIO, L.**Queen.* (L. C.) I will not speak with her.*Hor.* (L.) She is importunate: indeed, distract:  
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.*Queen.* Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO, L.]*Oph.* (Without, L.) Where is the beauteous majesty  
of Denmark?*Queen.* (R.) How now, Ophelia?*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.—HORATIO stands L. C.  
and a few paces back.**Oph.* (C.) [*Sings.*] How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*Queen.* Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.*[Sings.]* He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.*Enter the KING, L, and stands L. C.**Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia—*Oph.* Pray you, mark.*[Sings.]* White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true-love showers.[Crosses to the KING.]*King.* How do you, pretty lady?*Oph.* Well, Heaven 'ield you! They say, the owl  
was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but  
know not what we may be.*King.* Conceit upon her father.*Oph.* Pray, let's have no words of this; but when  
they ask you what it means, say this—*[Sings.]* Good morrow, 'tis saint Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.  
*[Sings.]* Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
 And dupp'd the chamber door;  
 Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more.

*[Crosses to R.]*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* (R.) I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies! good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. *[Exit, R.]*

*King.* (R. C.) Follow her close: give her good watch,  
 I pray you. *[Exit HORATIO, R.]*  
 O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
 All from her father's death.

*[Noise of arms without, L.]*

*Enter MARCELLUS, L.*

What's the matter?

*Mar.* Save yourself, my lord:  
 The young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
 O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him, lord;  
 They cry, "Choose we, Laertes shall be king!"  
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,  
 "Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

*[Noise without, L.]*

*Laer.* (Without, L.) Where is this king?—Sirs, stand  
 you all without.

*Enter LAERTES, L.*

O thou vile king!—

Give me my father. *[Exit MARCELLUS, L.]*

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* (L.) That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims  
 me bastard;  
 Cries cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot  
 Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
 Of my true mother.

*King.* (R.) What is the cause, Laertes,  
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would.  
Let him go, Gertrude.

*Laer.* Where's my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* (c.) But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* (L. c.) How came he dead? I'll not be jaggled  
with:

To hell, allegiance!

To this point I stand,—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged,  
Most thoroughly, for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will not all the world's:

And, for means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* (R. c.) Good Laertes,  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,  
As day does to your eye.

*Hor.* [*Without, R.*] Oh, poor Ophelia

*King.* Let her come in.

*Enter OPHELIA, R. fantastically bedecked with long wheat  
Straws and Flowers.*

*Laer.* (R. c.) O, rose of May—

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!  
O heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

*Oph.* [*Sings.*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* (c.) Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade  
revenge,

It could not move thus.

*Oph.* (c.) You must sing: [*Sings.*]

Down a-down, as you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,  
that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* [To *LAER.*] There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines. [To the KING, R. C.] There's rue for you, [To the QUEEN, R.] and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.—[Sings.]—"For my bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

*Oph.* [Sings, kneeling, R. C.]

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

[Rises.]—His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his pole:

(c.) —He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

And peace be with his soul!

And with all Christian souls! I pray Heaven.

[Exit *OPHELIA* and *QUEEN*, L.]

*King.* (R.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me: If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction; but, if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul To give it due content.

*Laer.* (R. C.) Let this be so; His means of death, his obscure funeral, No trophy, sword, or hatchment, o'er his bones, No noble rite, nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth  
That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall;  
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter HORATIO and FRANCISCO, R.*

*Hor.* (R.) What are they, that would speak with me?

*Fran.* (R.) Sailors, sir:

They say, they have letters for you.

*Hor.* (R. c.) Let them come in,—

[*Exit FRANCISCO, L.*]

I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter two SAILORS, L*

1 *Sail.* (L.) Heaven bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* [*Reads the letter.*] “Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.—A pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me, with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.

“He that thou knowest thine,

“HAMLET.”

Come, I will give you way for these your letters. (L.)

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter the KING and LAERTES, R.*

*King.* (c.) Now must your conscience my acquittance seal;

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he, which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* (R. c.) And so have I a noble father lost,—  
A sister driven into desperate terms;  
Whose worth

Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—  
How now? What news?

*Enter BERNARDO, L.*

*Ber.* (L. c.) Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the Queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! Who brought them?

*Ber.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us.

[*To BERNARDO.*

[*BERNARDO crosses, and exit R.*

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return."  
"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* (R.) Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character.—"Naked"—  
And, in a postscript here, he says "alone."  
Can you advise me!

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
"Thus diddest thou."

*King.* If it be so Laertes,  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd—  
As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be ruled;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth.  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy—  
He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especial,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you.

This report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself in deed your father's son  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.



Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :  
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
 And set a double varnish on the fame.  
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,  
 And wager o'er your heads : he being remiss,  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not peruse the foils ; so, that with ease,  
 Or, with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,  
 Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
 So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,  
 Collected from all simples that have virtue  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point  
 With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,  
 It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this ;  
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,  
 When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him  
 A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

*Enter the QUEEN, L.*

*Queen.* (L.) One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow :—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* (a.) Drown'd ! O, where ?

*Queen.* (c.) There is a willow grows ascant the  
 brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :  
 There with fantastic garlands did she make  
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples ;  
 There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;  
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
 Fell in the weeping brook.

*Laer.* I forbid my tears :—but yet

G

It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,  
 Let shame say what it will :  
 Adieu, my lord !  
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
 But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exeunt* LAERTES, R. KING and QUEEN, L.]

END OF ACT IV.

---

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Church-yard.*

*Enter two GRAVE-DIGGERS, L. S. E.*

1 *G. D.* (c.) Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *G. D.* (c.) I tell thee, she is ; therefore, make her grave straight : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *G. D.* (R.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

2 *G. D.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *G. D.* It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be else. (R. c.) For here lies the point : if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act ; and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *G. D.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *G. D.* Give me leave. [*Crosses to L.*] Here lies the water ; good : [*Crosses to R.*] here stands the man ; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes : mark you that : but, if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not

himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 G. D. But is this law?

1 G. D. Ay, marry, is't, crowner's-quest law.

2 G. D. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she would have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 G. D. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. (c.) Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 G. D. Was he a gentleman?

1 G. D. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2 G. D. Go to.

1 G. D. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 G. D. The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 G. D. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 G. D. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 G. D. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 G. D. Marry, now I can tell.

1 G. D. To't.

2 G. D. Mass, I cannot tell.

1 G. D. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit SECOND GRAVE-DIGGER, L.]

(The GRAVE-DIGGER sings while digging.)

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,

O, methought there was nothing meet.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, and stand behind the Grave, c.*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

*Hor.* (B. C.) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* (A. C.) 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

(GRAVE-DIGGER sings.)

But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipp'd me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were *Cassius's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

[*The GRAVE-DIGGER throws up bones.*]

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

(GRAVE-DIGGER sings.)

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,  
For—and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

*Ham.* There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 G. D. Mine, sir.

[*Sings.*] O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

1 *G. D.* [*Digging.*] You lie out on't, sir, and therefore, it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *G. D.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *G. D.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

1 *G. D.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

1 *G. D.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *G. D.* [*Leans on his spade.*] Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

1 *G. D.* Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *G. D.* Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1 *G. D.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

1 *G. D.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

1 *G. D.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

1 *G. D.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?

1 *G. D.* [*Sitting on the side of the grave, his face towards the audience.*] 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 G. D.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sure decayer of your whoreson dead body. [*Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up.*] Here's a skull now hath lain you in the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 G. D.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1 G. D.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! [*Rats the skull with his hand.*] He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once! This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

[*Gives the skull up to HAM. R. at the end of the grave.*]

*Ham.* This?

*1 G. D.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning! quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think that Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah! [*Lays down the skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alex-

ander returned to the dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw!

[*Bell tolls.*

But, soft! but, soft! aside;—here comes the king, The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken, The corse they follow did, with desperate hand, Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate: Cough we awhile, and mark.

[*Retires with HORATIO, R.—Bell tolls.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, Ladies, Priests, &c. through the gates, attending the corpse of OPHELIA, L. U. E.—(Bell tolls.)—Attendants, with torches, stand up the L. side of stage. KING and QUEEN stand C. beyond the grave. PRIEST at the R. end. 1. GRAVE-DIGGER at the L. end.*

*Laer.* (L.) What ceremony else?

*Ham.* (R.) That is Laertes,

A very noble youth.

[*Aside to HOR.*

*Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her; Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*Priest.* No more be done?

We should profane the service of the dead, To sing a requiem, and such rest to her As to peace parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish Priest, A minist'ring angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweet's to the sweet: farewell!

[Takes a basket from a Lady, and scatters flowers.]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. (R. c.) The devil take thy soul!

[Leaping out of the grave, and grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pry'thee take thy fingers from my throat;  
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

[They are parted.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O, my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her!

Queen. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me, what thou'lt do:  
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear  
thyself?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here but to whine?  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
Singing his pate against the burning zone,



Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* (R.) This is mere madness  
And thus a while the fit will work 'on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I loved you ever: but it is no matter:  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit, R.*  
*King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit HORATIO, R.*  
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;  
{To LAERTES.

We'll put the matter to the present push.  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
[*Exit KING, QUEEN, and Ladies, L. U. E.*

This grave shall have a living monument:  
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;  
Till then, in patience, our proceeding be. [*Bell tolls.*  
[*Exit Bearers and Attendants, through the  
gates, L. U. E.*

SCENE II.—*A hall in the Palace.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, R.*

*Ham.* But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his.

*Hor.* Peace. Who comes here?

*Enter OSRICK, L.*

*Osr.* (L.) Your lordship is right welcome back to  
Denmark.

*Ham.* (R. C.) I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know  
this water-fly? [*Aside to HOR.*

*Hor.* (R. C.) No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice  
to know him.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I  
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how.—My lord; his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter—

*Ham.* I beseech you remember—

[HAMLET signs to him to put on his hat.]

*Osr.* (c.) Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith—sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing; indeed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you should find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon.

*Ham.* What is his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons:—But, well—

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he hath impawn'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer:

*Ham.* How, if I answer, no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit, L.*]

*Hor.* (L.) You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* (c.) I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord—

*Ham.* It is but foolery: but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Court of Denmark.*

KING and QUEEN seated; LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, Lords and Ladies discovered.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, L.*

*King.* (*Rises and comes forward to c.*) Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*Joining HAM. and LAERTES' hand.*]

*Ham.* (c.) Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong; [*To LAERTES.*]

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* (c.) I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
To my revenge:—  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
Give us the foils.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin  
Hamlet,  
You know the wager? [Returns to the throne.]

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it; I have seen you both;—  
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* (r. examining the foils.) This is too heavy,  
let me see another.

*Ham.* (l.) This likes me well—these foils have all a  
length?

*Os.* (r.) Ay, my good lord.

*King.* (Seated on the throne.) Set me the stoups of  
wine upon that table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange;  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups,—  
[To FRANCISCO.]

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak—  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without—  
The cannons to the heavens—the heaven to earth—  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet. [He drinks.]

[Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons within.]  
Come, begin;  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [They play.]

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well—again—

*King.* Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.

[*He pretends to drink.*

[*Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons shot off within.*

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

Come—[*They play.*—another hit.—What say you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

[*The QUEEN drinks, and returns the cup to FRANCISCO.*

*Ham.* Good, madam—

*King.* [*Aside to the QUEEN.*] Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I have, my lord. I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poison'd cup—it is too late.

[*Turning aside from the QUEEN.*

*Laer.* I'll hit him now;

And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes.—You do but dally.

I pray you pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so:—Come on. [*They play—LAERTES wounds HAMLET; and, while struggling they exchange rapiers.*

*King.* Part them: they are incensed.

[*The QUEEN swoons.*

*Ham.* Nay, come again.

[*HAMLET wounds LAERTES, who falls.*

*Osr.* Look to the Queen there, ho.

*Hor.* How is't, my lord?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick; I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the Queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink.—Oh, my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink.—I am poison'd.

[*She is led off, L. U. E.*

H

*Ham.* Oh, villany!—Ho! let the door be lock'd.—  
Treachery! seek it out.

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet.—Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour's life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated, and envenom'd; the foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;  
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* (c.) The point  
Envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the KING on the throne.

Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,  
Follow my mother. [KING dies.

*Laer.* He is justly served.  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;  
Nor thine on me! [Dies.

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but nutes and audience to this act,  
Had I but time, as this fell serjeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest, oh, I could tell you—  
But let it be.—Horatio,  
Report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it;  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.  
Here's yet some liquor left. [Takes the cup.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man— [Throws away the cup.  
Give me the cup—let go—By heaven, I'll have it!  
Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.—  
Oh! I die, Horatio!—  
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—  
The rest is silence. [Dies.

THE END.







This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it  
beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

~~APR 30 64 H~~

~~326-139~~

~~JUN 9 1964 H~~

~~283-663~~

